WOMAN'S WORK.

Darning little stockings
For restless little feet;
Washing little faces,
To keep them fresh and sweet;
Hearing Bible lessons,
Teaching catechism,
Praying for salvation
From heresy and seism—
Woman's work.

Sewing on the buttons,
Overseeing rations,
Soothing with a kind word
Others' lamentations;
Guiding clumsy Bridgets,
Coaxing sullen cooks,
Entertaining company
And reading recent books—
Woman's work.

Burrying out of sight
Her own unhealing smarts;
Letting in the sunshine
On other clouded hearts;
Binding up the wounded,
Healing all the sick;
Bravely marching onward
Through dangers dark and thick—
Woman's work.

Leading little children,
And blessing manhood's years;
Showing to the sinful
How God's forgiveness cheers;
Scattering sweet roses
Along another's path;
Smiling by the wayside,
Content with what she hath—
Woman's work.

Letting fall her own tears
Where only God can see,
Wiping off another's
With tender sympathy;
Learning by experience,
Teaching by example;
Yearning for the gateway,
Golden, pearly, ample—
Woman's work.

At last cometh silence—
A day of deep repose;
Her locks smoothly braided,
Upon her breast a rose;
Lashes resting gently
Upon the marble cheek;
A look of blessed peace
Upon the forehead meek;

The hands softly folded,
The kindly pulses still;
The cold lips know no smile,
The noble heart no thirll;
Her pillow needs no soothing,
She craveth for no care—
Love's tenderest entreaty
Wakes no responses there.

A grave in the valley,
Tears, bitter sobs, regret;
Another lesson taught,
That life may not forget;
A face forever hidden,
A race forever run;
"Dust to dust," the preacher saith,
And woman's work is done.

New Orleans Pycayune.

Raising Mules for Market.

Spirit of the Farm.

From the increasing demand and ever ready sale for these animals, this industry, for which Tennessee was quite noted in ante bellum days, is again receiving attention from many farmers who have not cared to handle any more fashionably bred stock; we venture to say if the present demand continues—and we see no reason why it should not increase—it will only be a few years before "Tennessee mules" will be quoted in the market reports throughout the country with as much distinctness from any other, as they were before the war, when they were not only quoted separate but always commanded 10 per cent more money than mules of the same size from any other State, excepting perhaps, Kentucky. We cannot see why this business should not pay even better now than in years past; the supply is not near equal to the demand now as it was then.

With the present system of labor the mules do not get the care and attention they formerly did, and the breeding of this kind of stock, so peculiarly adapted in every respect to the Southern and our system of labor, has not kept apace with the increased acreage of tillable land.

We have gathered a few figures from a gentleman largely engaged in buying, feeding and selling mules and thoroughly acquainted with all the details, that may not be uninteresting to our readers. He says that an average lot of mule colts, yearlings, will sell at from $50 to $80; that he has paid as high as $100 a head for a few choice mare mules this season. He mentioned two instances where parties in the State have collected up a hundred weanlings each; one lot cost about $75 per head and the other averaged $80 all round. These colts were out of mares that could be bought at prices ranging from $110 to $150, and had cost the breeder nothing in the way of feed up to date of sale; he says it will cost two dollars a month per head to carry the colts through the winter.

But it is not extensive buyers and feeders like these whose attention we would call to this business. The general farmer throughout the country who has from two to six good, sound, large mares are the ones who can realize the safest, quickest, largest profits in breeding mules. The usefulness of the mare for ordinary farm work is in no way impaired by having her bred, with kind treatment and good feeding. She will do her part of the work up to within a week or ten days of foaling; after this give her a short rest and she is again ready for work. As for the foal, as soon as it is strong enough to lift its two hind feet off the ground at the same time, it is old enough to take care of itself.

We have referred to the superiority of Tennessee mules in times past. Doubtless our climate had much to do with this, but we attribute it mainly to the quality of our mares. In those days our horses had a strong infusion of thoroughbred blood in them, and their produce of mares bred in this way, from good jacks, were as quick as horses and of wonderful endurance. They had clean limbs, good bone, fine heads and ears, and often made delightful saddle and driving animals. We well remember an old gray mule of this kind, bred by the late M. R. Cockrill, of this county, that for eighteen years was the front roadster on the Charlotte pike, and at the age twenty the boys would fight shy of the old gentleman and his mule if they had more than a mile of good road in front of them. The venerable proprietor of Belle Mead, Gen. W. G. Harding, told the writer some years ago that the best mules he ever saw in all his experience were some that he bred when a young man for his own farm use out of thoroughbred mares.

There is no doubt that too many of our farmers are disposed to breed their mares without considering a moment what will be the result. We frequently see some big, strong mare, only suitable for farm work, bred to a trotting or pacing stallion, whose produce out of an entirely different mare has sold for several hundred dollars as a three or four year old. The result of such a cross is, as a matter of course, a disappointment to the owner, for he gets neither a saddle or harness animal, and only a farm horse worth probably at two years old not more than $70, and the produce from the same mare by a jack at eight months old, would bring the same money.

The Wehat Crop.

Favettville Observer.

In this section the sceptre has passed from cotton, and it is no longer heralded as king. By reason of its being the principal crop and the keystone of the agricultural arch on which rest the hopes of the farmer and the success and prosperity of the county generlly, wheat has supplanted "King Cotton" and ascended to the throne. We have before stated that the breadth of land sown this fall in Lincoln county is greatly in excess of that of any previous year. We have made inquiries of farmers attending court from the various sections of the county, and learn that the prospects, when wheat was at its present stage, were never more promising than now for an abundant harvest, in the absense of a cause to check or chill to blight the present flattering prospects, the county will next year in a figurative sense swim in milk and honey. The farmers exercised more care than they are wont in the preparation of the ground for its reception, and as a consequence they are indebted for the results indicated above, more than to any other cause, for their increased amount of pains and labor. The husbandman is enjoined in the appended familiar couplet to prepare thoroughly the soil if he would secure a blessing. That it bristles with sense is exemplified in this fall's experience, and it applies equally to all crops—"Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and to keep."

Stock Notes.

Tennessean.

Walton & Buchanan shipped a $500 pair of horses to Alabama this week.

One day this week Messrs. A. C. Franklin and James Malone sold their two Enquirers—both by Enquirer, one out of Waltz and the other out of Fannie Malone—to a Mr. Wooding, of Cincinnati, for $5,000.

Growing Grass.

A western paper truly says that the adage (and it is older than the Christain era,) no grass no cattle, no cattle no manure, no manure no crops, is as true to day as when first spoken.—Grass takes care of him who sows it.—The meadow is the master mine of wealth.—Strong meadows fill big barns.—Fat pastures make fat pockets.—The acre that will carry a steer carries wealth.—Flush pastures make fat stock.—Heavy meadows make happy farmers.—Up to my ears in soft grass laughs the fat ox.—Sweet pastures make sound butter.—Soft hay makes strong wool. These are some of the maxims of the meadow.—The grass seed to sow depends upon the soil and here every man must be his own judge. Not every farmer, however, knows the grass adapted to his soil. If he does and seeds by the bushel, or other measures, he is apt to he misled.

Gathering Fruit.

Farm, Herd and Home.

Far too little care is exercised, as a rule, in gathering fruit, and, consequently, the market value of a crop is often materially reduced from what it would have been if properly gathered. Use every possible means to avoid bruising in any degree. Many successful horticulturists insist that all fruit should be hand-picked. For this purpose a round-bottomed half bushel basket, lined with thick cloth, is provided, which, by means of an S-shaped hook, is readily hung on a branch until filled. If the tree has been properly trimmed, an agile person could, in this way, pick all the fruit on it in a short time. If the fruit is to be packed in barrels or crates, it should be done in the orchard, thus saving one handling.

Cherry Trees for Shade.

A writer in the American Garden says that the "Cherry is the only fruit tree which I can recommend for shade. The trample of stock injures all others but has no effect upon the hardier cherries." If cherry trees are as easily grown as maple or cottonwood why should they not be used more commonly than now. A nice, thrifty cherry tree is handsome for as great a part of the year as any shade tree, and when in bloom, or laden with bright, healthy fruit it is doubly so. Then why should they not be placed along roadways and paths where other fruit trees would be injured by animals or passing vehicles? Why should not cherry trees be more common than now?

Hickory Nuts.

Tennessean.

There are more hickory nuts in Sumner county this year than can be disposed of. The other day a gentleman said he had six hundred bushels for sale; another had four hundred; and every day we see men and boys with quantities varying from one to twenty bushels. The abundance of this growth this year is remarkable.

Every congressional district in Tennessee should be represented in the farmers Congress which assembles at Louisville, December 5. This will be the third annual session of this body and doubtless the railways will give special rates to delegates, thus insuring a large attendance. These annual meetings, where representative farmers from different states meet and compare notes stimulate improvements in agricultural methods and promote the general prosperity.—Memphis Avalanche.

Southern Lumberman: The first Shockley apple ever grown was produced near Pendergrass, Ga. The first tree came from a seedling and was planted over seventy years ago. The parent tree still stands, and there are thousands and thousands of young trees all over the South, annually producing millions of the best apples grown. The seed from which this tree grew was planted by Mr. C. M. Shockley, seventy years ago. The old man is still living, and this year raised seven watermelons from one seed, weighing from fifteen to forty pounds each.

Cure for Croup.

Dr. Duncan's Cough Balsam is sure cure for Croup, it will never fail, try it. For sale by all druggists. x

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